## CURSE OF PAH-KAH-KOOS.

AN ESCOUNTER WITH THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE ALGONQUINS.

A White Hunter Who Certainly Lost a Moore After Despoiling a Strange Image

n the Forest — Story of an Indian Guide of Harm Done to His Ancestors. KIPP. Mont. Oct. 18 .- Pah-kah-koos is an ed and a so the Algonquins of the Northland makes sport of men, and by his cunning stions brings to naught their best en-He has no one place of abode, but contravels about here and there, wherever direct him, and he is so clusive, changa form at will, that his victims never recoghalf until too late. Sometimes hurtling over (artill countenance as he leered and shricked m from the whirling storm wreaths and He has been known to take the form of Tatious animals in order to lead the hunter a never have. As a beautiful maiden he has lured many a man to death, and many a woman, misum for a handsome youth, has met an

Ther were tracking a moose along the pine of a giant mountain of the northern Rockies. They are proceeding very cautiously on the fresh trail of the great animal, peering anxiously ahead through the half gloom of the coming night for a glimper of him, when the city man discerned thing built revealed and half concealed by the interlacing branches of the firs, which startled him and caused him to bring his rifle to his shoulder in a hurry. It appeared to be an Indian brave in full war costume waiting to take a shot at the hunters, and very likely he would have sent a bullet through the object had not the voice of the halfbreed guide reasoured him:
"Proceed," he said: "'tis but an image. "Tis

Pah kah koos, what you call the evil spirit." Pressing through the intervening thicket, they aroud a moment later before the curious figure. A pine tree had been cut off at the height of a man, and the top of the stump carved to re-

semble a human head, the eyes, nose and other features being printed in black and forming a sharp contrast to the clear, white wood. The form was drained with a long blanket of woven rabbet kins and crowned with a war bonnet of caling feathers. Around its waist was a beaded belt containing a knife and sheath and a small tomahawk Upon its back was a quiver of arrows and a bow | One stiff, outstretched arm supported a rifle of ancient make, and the other held a pipe and tobscorpauch. John what on earth is this' What does it

mean" asked the city man, who had been named Mountage, which is the Cree word for greenhorn. Well, replied the guide, "you see, the Crees fear the evil spirit so once every year, they make an image of him such as you see here, dressing with the best they have, and then they pray to him to have merey and let them alone.

Ha very interesting said Mousties. "I will take this," taking the quiver and slinging it of shoulder, "as a souvenir of meeting Put it back' put it back" the guide exclaimed.

You must not steal from Pah-kah-koos. If you we will have no luck; all the game will escape us and some great misfortune will surely happen. Ho, said the city man. 'What an idea! I didn't think, John, that with the example of your English father, and after your long association with white men, you would still believe in the superstitions of your mother's people. I shall keep the quiver in spite of the evil spirits."

The guide slowly shook his head. 'I know what I know," he said. "When misfortune comes, remember that I begged you to put it back." A little inter, coming to the edge of a small open ing in the forest, they saw the great buil they were tracking leisurely cating the tender shoots of a bunch of willows. The city man took a long and careful aim at the region of his heart and pulled the trigger, the hammer fell with a dull cilck on the firing pin, and with one bound the moose disappeared into the undergrowth and went crashing away out of hearing

teat Carsar's gloss!" exclaimed Mou-ni-as. "I forgot to load my gun" Yes you did," John said, mournfully; "but 'twas Pah-kah-koos who made you forget it. His

curse is already upon us." The small fire of dry, quaking asp blazed cheerfully in the centre of the lodge, and the tired sportsmen enjoyed its warmth as they reclined on the balsam couches and recounted the adventures of the day. One had successfully staiked a couple of large goats; another had proudly brought into camp the Immense horns and head of a bighorn; bull another had shot a couple of mute deer bucks. Mon ni as alone had come home without a trophy with interest by his brother sportsmen, and John was called upon to tell them something about

Wen," he began, telsurely filling his pipe with a mixture of tobacco and red willow bark, "I will tell you about him, but you will learn for yourselves soon enough all you wish to know and more, too, unless Mou-ni-as returns to him the how and quiver. If he doesn't, not another head of game shall we kill, and worse than that may happen. I know many stories about Pah-kahbut best I know one my grandmother used to tell me. She was a baby at the time it happened, and one of the two who escaped his wicked

There was a man in those days named Kahmusisa-wah sa-kwa-o, Fox Eyes, and he was said to be the best of all the Cree hunters. He did not care to stay much with his tribe, and in stead, when the leaves began to turn yellow, he and sourcey to some far off place where he knew game and fur were plenty, and remain there until summer should come again. He seldom went to the plains after buffaio, preferring to tive in the deep forests where the mouse, the bear and the caribon abounded, where the beaver, the otter, the fisher and martin was many. One fall the time for setting out arrived, and he said to his son White Wolf - who was married to the Petrel Woman, and who had one child only a few months old, the one who was my grandmother-'Kyi!' 'This morning I saw a the worth, aircody the leaves are turning yellow and the morning sun finds a fringe of ice along he shares of the lakes. "Tis time we were start-

the fourney. Already your mother is the door harmesses and caching such we do not need to take with us. On Frest and his san. White Wolf, were kind men, who had never done any this a few moons before they had lashion the image of Pah Kah-Koss adorned it with presents chosen from a trace-states. Moreover, their dreams a been good, no warring was given a dreadful things about to happen, and it on the traci with Light hearts, little has the evil one had marked them for tweet a large ways to the points of water, which he deep in the pine forest eags to the southeast of the Great Slave

year in the far north the rabbits the forest every morning as soon at enough to see to travel and hunted is it enough to see to travel and hunted but they had now success. The traps the beaver and other animals remained. The few mosses living in the swamps tree and scarcea, until only the tracks tree buil, could be found, and he seemed much as a man, for try as they would see him or circumvent him, they never lar sucht of him, never got a shot the willows into which he so quickly diffunger now began to stare these he lace. The day came when the last three lood was eaten, and sadly should-life. For Eves started out once more to

man forbade him; so the son went in another direction hoping to find game of some kind.

"Fox Eyes, having put on his snow-shoes, went straight to the swamp, where he had always found the trail of the big moose, and sure enough there it was again, quite fresh. He followed it cautiously through the thick willows, under the spreading balsams, across stretches of open muskeag, and ever circling, twisting, turning, he travelled on, further and further from home. Hunger had weakened his limbs and they trembled beneath him as he struggled on through the forest. Often he stumbled over some little obstruction and fell headlong into the deep snow; but he kept bravely on, hoping, expecting each minute to catch sught of the wary animal and give it the death shot. At last he came to the edge of a small muskeag and there, right in the centre of it, stood the moose looking at him. He raised has gun, took a careful aim and fired at the point of the moose's shoulder. The roar of the report ded away, the smoke disappeared, and there stood the animal, as before, looking him straight in the face. "Ha!" he said to himself. 'I have missed; an easy shot, too, it's strange the old fellow doesn't run. Oh, I must hury to reload.

"He poured some powder into the barrel, rolled a trade hall down on top of it, never stopping to patch it, and placed some powder in the pan. Suil the moose shood watching him, and again taking a careful sight, he fired straight at its broadside. What' was it possible his eyes dd not deceive him? had he not seemed to look right through the moose and see the ball strike as snowladen bush just back of it, just in line with the spot on the animal he had aimed at' and the moose where was he'. Where had he vanished to? Was it a moose? No, it could not have been; it was Pah-Kah-Koos.

"He saw it all now! "Twas the evil spirit himself, who had driven away the rabbits and other game from this locality; 'twas he who had cursed the traps so that all animals avoided them; 'twas he in the form of a great bull moose, who d

he in the form of a great bull moose, who day after day had led him and his son a fruitless chase through the forest and muskeags. Hope died within his breast, and he turned toward home, stumbling, recling along the trail, and dragging his empty gun; he was too weak to carry it. More dead than alive, he staggered into the lodge that evening, and lay down on his couch. White Wolf had killed a raven, and a part of it, the larger part, had been saved for him. Rank and tough as it was, he ate it with relish, and drank the water in which it had been boiled. And then he water in which it had been boiled. And then he water in which it had been boiled. And then he told of his adventure, how Pahkah-koos was making sport of them. White Wolf listened to the oil man attentively, marked his wandering talk, and thought that all this tale of the spirit moose had come from his father's imagination, be thought the privation, the hunger they had undergone had unsettled his mind. So, when the story was finished, he said: Never mind, father; linck is sure to change. I will go with you to morrow, and we will look once more for this moose. Perhaps, after all, you are mistaken about its being Pahkat loss. ou to morrow, and we will look once more for his moose. Perhaps, after all, you are mistaken bout its being Pah-kah koss. You were very tired, very hungry. Sometimes people imagine things when they are in that condition; perhaps, after all, it was a real moose you shot at, and your aim was, not true."

"Ah, my son," the old man replied. 'I am not mustaken. Twas Pah Kah-Koos bimself, every

"Ah, my son, the old man replied, T am not mistaken. Twas Pah Kah-Koos bimself; every thing gives to prove that he is scheming to destroy us. The country of the Black water ponds has ever abounded in game, yet now it has suddenly disappeared; even the rabbits have disappeared, although it is not the year for them to the off. Our traps remain unsprung. The dogs, always so quiet, are uneasy through the long mights backing and rushing widely out in to the forest. Yet no trails are to be found in the snow of anything having ventured near our camp. They have the power, you know, to see and hear many things we can not, such as ghosts and the spirits good and bad. Tis Pah-Kah-Koos they see, hovering about our lodge. Listen! even now they are backing at him.

"The women, frightened at the old man's words, began to cry, and White Wolf soothed and encouraged them as best he could, telling them to have courage, that the next day he would surely find food, and all would be well. 'Anyhow,' he said, 'to morrow we will kill a dog and have a good breakfast before setting out on the hunt. Once his hunger is aliayed, these idle fancies will return."

a good breakfast before setting out on the hunt. Once his hunger is allayed, these idle fancies will leave my father, and his courage and good sense will return.

"Hal ya." When morning broke not one of the dogs was to be found, and making a circle around the camp. White Wolf found their trail where they had gone plunging swiftly through the snow toward the East. So he and Fox Eyes started off without any breakfast, and the two women saily watched them out of sight, and then reentering the lodge, sat sorrowfully by the fire, anxiously awaiting their return. The day went slowly by, and as evening approached, they went out often to look and listen for the hunters, but they heard hothing, saw nothing. Night came at last, and neither men nor dogs had returned. Then the wife of Fox Eyes began to talk strangely, imagining at times that she was a young girl, and lelling of things that had happened long, long ago. And again she would cry out that Pah kah. Koos had taken away her husband and her son, and she must start in search of them and bring them home. Often the young woman had to sieze and force here to her couch, to keep her from rushing wildly out into the night in search of the absent ones. At last, far in the night the poor old creature slept, and worn out, tired, almost to death, the young woman aboley down, and drawing her little baby to her breast, slept too, forget ting for a time, her troubles.

"When the Petrel woman awoke, day had already broke, and she raised up and looked about the lodge. Her mother was goue; the white feathery ashes in the fire place were cold. Could that while she slept the poor old woman had windered away in search of the absent ones? She went out side, and there in the new fallen snow, found her foot prints, here she had put on her snow shoes, there was her trail disappearing in the gloomy forest. When she found that she was left alone, the poor creature nearly went crazy herself, and had it not been for the baby, she hikely would have done so, but for its sake, she built a fire,

low shoes went in search of her mother, of not have to follow her far, for the old w

So she bundled up the child and putting on her snow shees went in search of her mather. She did not have to follow her far, for the old woman had circled around and around the camp, and then wern out, had laid herself down under a large fir tree, and there she found her, wrapped in her rabhit skin robe, quite dead and forzen hard.

"Two days the young woman remained in the lodge, hoping, praying for the hunters to return. I but when the third morning broke she knew that she would never see them again, and foolish as the plan seemed, she concluded to try to return to her people who were wintering far to the south. She did not think that she could do se, but as well die making the attempt as to sit there in the lodge and wait for death to come. So she loaded the lightest tobeggan with her bedding, an axe, a kettle, some traps and snares and all the raw hide, old moccasins and such she could find to holl for food, and placing the child, well wrapped, in the centre, she began the journey. The woman was weak from long starvation, and dragging the toboggan, light as it was, taxed her strength; so she did not go very far the first day and spent most of the afternoon preparing a shelter of poles and brush for the night. Four days she stringgled on and toward the south and daily the little store of rawhide became smaller and smaller. On the fifth morning she ate the last of it and was minded to go no further, to stay right there and wait for death. But something seemed to urge her on, and once more she packed the tobeggan and seeme across a rabbit track, the first she had seen, and once more she packed the tobeggan in the kettle, rabbits roasting over the snow. About non she came across a rabbit track, the first she had seen, and a little further on found their trails running in every direction. Out came the snares and were set, and with a strong heart she set about building a shelter. Long before sundown it was finished and she sat by the fire with rabbits boiling in the kettle, rabbits roasting over the snow, the soul

she did not eat. And every day she became stronger and stronger so when she did start on once more the toboggan seemed to run over the snow of its own accord, so easily did she drag it. And now the rabbit paths were everywhere and she never lacked for fresh meat and every night she knew that she was drawing nearer to her people. But still she was not sure she would ever see them; the thought of the awful fate of her husband, of Fox Eyes and his wife, was ever in her mind, and she cried and mourned for them all the time. And she thought that perhaps l'ah Kah-Koos was just playing with her or had forgotten her for a time, and that instead of succeeding in reaching her friends he would yet overtake and destroy her in some awful way. It may be that the evil one did forget her, or perhaps he was too busy sleewhere to bother with her, anyhow, the woman finally reached the plains of the Saskatchewan and found her people camping there. She lived to a great age and the baby grew up and became the mother of my mother."

"And were Fox Eyes and White Wolf never heard from?" asked Mou, ni-as.

"Of course not." John replied. "Pah kah-koos destroyed them."

The next morning after the sportsmen had caten their breakfast and were filling their pipes, John told them that he had a few words to speak, and after booking at the other guides for encouragement, said.

"This morning we had a Little talk, Baptiste. Antone, Hudsen and I, and we wesh that Mon-

and after looking at the other guides for encouragement, said.

"This morning we had a Little talk, Baptiste, Antone, Hudson and I, and we wish that Monnias give back to Pah kah loos, his bow and quiver. If he will not we must decline to guide you any more, we will have to go home for we're afraid something had will happento us."

"Why certainly, John, if you feel that way about it. Mou. his replace, "Til return the outfit to the noble spirit. Come, get you're gun and we'll go hunting. On our way out I'll replace the quiver where I got it."

Smiling and pleased the guides hastened to prepare for the day, and the bow and quiver were duly returned to Pah kah koos. The cityman this lost the souvenir of his meeting with the Wicked tine, but in his mind's eye he still sees the strange figure standing among the pluce by the shore of that far northern lake under the shadow of the towering Rockles.

#### No Use for a Study. From the Boston Evening Transcript.

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There is a good deal of point in a little story that I road in French the other day—a point that pricks American men of the class who have their own houses, as well as Frenchmen. A man is getting himself up a new house, and he and his wife are considering plans. One of these plans is favored by the wife.

"Well, I should like this plan very well," says the husband, "but I don't quite see where I am going to get myself in a study."

"A study!" exclaims the wife. "What do you want of a study?" You don't smoke!"

# PHILADELPHIA'S ADVANTAGES.

Reasons why the Republican National Con-

There has recently been renewed consideration of Philadelphia's availability as the place of holding the Republican National Convention of 1900. It has been pointed out that few American cities have better railroad connections than Philadelphia, that it is the chief city of the largest Republican State, that it is the strongest Republican city in the United States, that its facilities for the entertainment of delegates are ample, and that the last previous Republican National Convention, that of 1872, held in Philadelphia, marked the beginning of the most successful national campaign ever prosecuted by the Republican party in this country. It is further pointed out by those who advocate the selection of Philadelphia that the recent national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic there was attended with such favorable results as clearly to establish the facilities it offers for the entertainment of visitors; that for the first time in many years at a National Convention of the Republican party there is no factional conflict likely among the Pennsylvania delegates, and finally that the influence of Philadelphia has, since 1896, become one of the forces

delegates, and finally that the influence of Philadelphia has, since 1896, become one of the forces
to be considered in political affairs.

Prior to 1896 the two States, tributary in a
political way to Pennsylvania, New Jersey and
Delaware, were held to be securely Democratic.
The ho ding of a National Convention in Philadelphia was regarded, therefore, as of no direct
political benefit to Republicans, for New Jersey
was regarded as Democratic under all circumstances, and Delaware considered as part of the
solid South. With changed political conditions,
the city of Wilmington, Del., which now determines the vote of that State, is largely controlled
through business and professional connections by
Philadelphia, which is only twenty-eight miles
distant, and the influence of Philadelphia on south
Jersey politics is so great that it has to be reckoned with, now that the former Democratic hold in
north Jersey has been overthrown by its voters.
The electoral votes of New Jersey and Delaware
were both cast in the Republican column in 1898,
and with them the electoral vote of the State of
Maryland, previously regarded as a Democratic
stronghold. It is under these circumstances that
some Pennsylvania Republicans are now advocating the selection of the city of Philadelphia as
the place of the Republican Convention was held
there for the nomination of a Republican President, New Jersey and Delaware were carried by
the Renublicans by majorities of 14,500 and 422,
respectively, and that the State of Maryland was
in the Democratic column by less than 1,000 votes

Some objection to the choice of Philadelphia as
a convention city comes from the States of the
West, but it is pointed out that though Mr. McKinley was nominated in St. Leuis in 1896, the
vote of Missouri was not turned into the Republican National Convention of the choice of Philadelphia as
a convention city comes from the States of the
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vote of Missouri

#### GLASS BEVELLING.

Process by Which the Edge Is Cut Away

and Refinished. Bevelled glass is not new, but it is now far more extensively used than formerly. Twenty years ago bevelled mirrors were comparatively rare; now they are common, and are seen in many shapes and sizes. Bevelled plates, large and small, and both straight and bent, are used for various other purposes. The process of glass bevelling is very simple, but the work calls for skill on the part of the operators.

The plate to be bevelled goes first to the roughing mill, which is a sold, heavy steel wheel about two feet and a half in diameter, set horizontally and turning at a high rate of speed. The upper face, or top of this wheel, is slightly roughened. Suspended over the wheel is a big hopper containing sand which is fed down through a spout in such quantity as may be required upon the top of the rough-faced steel wheel. The grinder holds the plate to be ground in his hands, with the edge to be ground off upon the face of the roughing mill: he shifts the plate along as the glass is ground away. The expert grinder, holding a sheet of glass against the roughing wheel in this manner, will grind a true bevel, with a perfectly straight line along its inner edge, and he brings the side bevels together with a perfectly true

the side bevels together with a perfectly true angle at the corners.

In the roughing mill the bevel is wrought to shape but its face is noigh looking and feeling, in fact, like what it is ground glass. The plate goes then to the emery wheel, also of steel and set horizontally. Suspended over this wheel and set horizontally. Suspended over this wheel fact and set horizontally. Suspended over this wheel fact and set horizontally. Suspended over this wheel the roughing down upon the wheel. Upon this wheel the roughing mill is again ground, the plate being held in the same manner by a grinder, and the surface is brought nearer to smoothness.

From the emery wheel the plate goes to the smoothing stone, which is also set to turn horizontally. The smoothing stone, which is of an extremely fine sandstone, is made with its upper surface, that significant in the glass is brought, very slightly convex. This stone is finished perfectly smooth and it is so fine grained that to the touch it seems almost to be polished.

A tiny stream of water, enough to keep the fac of the stone wet, is made to trickle down upon a and the glass is held to this wheel just as it was t the others, and here the bevelled edge is brough and the glass is held to this wheel just as it was to the others, and here the bevelled edge is brought down to a smooth surface, but not polished. The plate goes then to a polishing wheel made of two and set to turn vertically, the bevel edge of the glass is held against the edge, or face of this wooden wheel asi tapidly revolves. The face of the wheel is kept wet and constantly supplied with pulvertred stone. Unon this wheel the bevelled edge gets its first polish. The glass then takes the final step in the bevelling process. It goes to another wheel, also of wood, and also turning vertically whose face is of felt. The face of this wheel also is kept wet and it is supplied with a fine polishing material called from its color, rouge. Here, as at the first polishing wheel, the glass is held with the bevel against the edge, or face of the wheel. On the rouge wheel the bevel gets its final polish and finish and the surface of the bevelled edge, which after the first operation, was rough like cround glass, is row as smooth and as polished as the flat surface of the plate. Great plates that are too big to be held by hand are locked into a frame that can be so moved as to bring the edges to be bevelled against wheels adjusted for the purpose.

## How She Encouraged Him.

How She Encouraged Him.

From the Marning Oregonian.

In some countries women are chosen for wives because of their capacity for work: in some for their beauty; in some for their beauty; in some for their beauty; in some for their accomplishments, and in others for all three. This story has to do with an Oregon woman, who is not beautiful—just a plain brunette.

She is willing to be wife, but only to a man who will do all the work and hand over all the money on pay day. Her summer vacation took her this year to the farm home of a girl friend in the country. This girl has a brother, big and husky, a regular machine for work, but without prospects except such as the farm affords, and the farm is heavily mortraged. He toiled day after day. He atose with the sun and retired when his day's work was done, no richer, no poorer than when he arose. She watched him at his work. She sympathized with him, and once she turned the grindstone for him when he was trying to put an edge on a woodman's ax. The grindstone, cold and inflexible as it was, was a conductor of love. He felt the warmth of the love, but she did not. If she thought of it at all, she pendered what a lovable husband he would make if he only had money.

The flight of time brought the hour of the girl's departure for the city. He thought of the many country parties to which he had taken her and of the country swains who had looked sweeteyed at his love. She thought only of the time when she would reach home and whether mamma would have tea ready. At the train, the parting place, he took heart and proposed. "How could I think of marrying a man with neither money nor prospectis"

"You do not love me?" he asked sadly. "Then whe do the country was man with neither money had not proposed."

nor prespecies"

"You do not love me?" he asked sadly. "Then why did you encourage me?"

"What encouragement have I ever given you?" she asked in genune surprise, for she did not forget she was a practical woman.

"No encouragement" he whimpered, "Then why did you turn the grindstone for me?"

## Shaved by an Erudite Barber.

From the Argonaut.

When a famous archaeologist went into his club the other afternoon his crudite countenance was ornamented at several points with sticking plaster, and there was a general inquiry among his friends as to what was the matter.

"Razor," said the professor, briefly.

"Good gracious! Where were you shaved." asked one of the younger members, sympathetically.

ically.
It's a strange thing," said the man of learn-It's a strange thing," said the man of learning. I was shaved this morning by a man who ceally is, I suppose, a little above the ordinary barber. I know of my own knowledge that he took a bouble First Class at Oxford, that he studied at Heidelberg afterward, and spent several years in other foreign educational centres. I know also in yown knowledge, that he has contributed scientific articles to our best magazines, and has numbered among his intimate friends men of the highest social and scientific standing. And yet sollioquized the savant, he can't shave a man decently."

solitoquized the savant, he tout a decently."

By Jove," exclaimed the young member, in astonishment. What is he a backer for, with all those accomplishments,"

"Ob! he isn't a barber!" said the bookworm, yawning. You see, I shaved myself to day."

# PEOPLE WHO WANT POISON.

CALLS OF WOULD-RE SUICIDES AT

CONFENIENT DRUG STORES. Morphine the Drug Most Sought After by Those Who Desire to Die Quickly and Pleasantly-A Lunatic's Quest for Prussic Acid-A Victim of the Smokeless Gun. It was a wet, nasty night, and when the man who wanted to wait for a car entered the drug store on the corner he found the druggist with

his face flattened against the window, looking out at the wet payement. Seating himself on a stool in front of the sods fountain the stranger looked about the store, and then as the druggist did not seem inclined to talk he said, "Rotten night, isn't it?" An emphatic nod and a flerce scowl on the part of the druggist made it plain where he stood on the weather, but at the same time did not tend to make conversation easy. Both the druggist and the stranger were stlent for several minutes, and the latter was wishing that his car would put in an appearance when the door opened and a young fellow, apparently in an advanced stage of intoxication, staggered in.

Apparently unmindful of the presence of a third party, the new arrival turned toward the druggist and said. "Doc. lemme have half a dollar's worth of ammunition for the smokeless gun, will you I'm in a hurry, too."

The druggist got something in the back part

of the store which he gave to the customer. Just before reaching the door the young fellow stopped, turned and said: "If you don't mind, Doc, I guese I'll throw in a dose in the back room." out waiting for permission to be granted he staggered into the back room and in about ten minutes came out again. The change that had been worked in his appearance was wonderful. He no longer staggered nor haited in his speech. The dull look in his eyes had changed to one of fitful brightness, and he seemed to have secured a new lease of life. As he walked toward the front of the store he stuck something bright in the lapel of his coat and as this was turned back the stranger could see several small, bright objects threaded through the young man's coat. Buttoning up oat as he walked toward the door, the young man laid his hand on the latch and stood fingering it a moment. "That was the time you saved my life, sure enough, Doc." he said. "This smoke es gun game has the pipe beaten. It costs more, but it's better in a good many ways. But you have got to carry the gun with you all the time, so's to be able to throw in a charge in a hurry or you're a dead one. This much'il probably last until to-morrow, but I want some more then, for I'm going out of town. Going to be open all night? Well, no matter. I'll look in in the "What is the smokeless gun?" said the drug-

gist, anticipating the question of the man on the stool. "Oh, that's the name applied to the hypodermic syringe by drug users. That young fellow you just heard use the term is a cocaine fiend. When he came in he was a wreck from lack of it, but you saw how quickly it put him in shape again. That's the great attrac-tion it has for people. It is so speedy and powerful in its stimulating action that a majority of the dopers prefer it to anything else. But when the breakdown comes, it comes without warning. A man's knees will go in and he will drop without any warning symptom. That's the time to quit and quit in a hurry. That young fellow started using the stuff for hay fever. Hay fever's pretty had, but he had better have taken chances on it than start with the cocaine.

"Perhaps you noticed that he said it was expensive. That is just the trouble. It isn't There was a time, a few years ago, that the stuff cost 50 and 60 cents a grain. There were not many fiends using it then. In fact, I knew of but one. She was a doctor's wife, and her indulgence in the habit cost him his practice. If I were to tell you how many hundreds of dollars worth of the stuff she used in a year, you'd probably think I was exaccerating so I won't risk it, but it would take four figures to express it. There wasn't a square inch of the surface of her body which she could reach but what bore one or more scars, showing where the hypodermic needle had been inserted This young fellow that just went out is getting in the same shape. His arms and legs are masses of sears. He carries the needles or points for his syringe stuck in the lapel of his coat, and the syringe is in a silver mounted case. The pride taken in the cost and beauty of their outfits by some of the flends is astonishing." "He said you had saved his life," ventured the

stranger. "What did he mean by that" "That's a question," answered the druggist "He might have meant that he would have ined suicide if he had been unable to get the drug, or referred to it in the same way that one sometimes hears a man speak of having his life saved by some one buying a drink. But at that it was probably an even break. When a man is in that ondition, he's as apt as not to put an end to himself, a life-saver, looking at it in that light. Why, if one-tenth of the people that come into a drug store and ask for poisons were to get what they wanted, the coroner's arms would grow tired of making out certificates of death from suicide

"To the average man who gets the notion of sulcide in his head, shooting or drowning seems sucrate in mis nead, smooting or forwaring seems too harsh a means of self destruction, and as the general run of people have a more or less confused idea of the easy death that follows the taking of certain kinds of poison, they make a break for the nearest drug store. Of course, no druggist will self any sort of poison without making strict inusually enough to make the average would-be suicide change his mind. Morphine is the favorite means of suicide with rich people. They have heard of the delightful case with which a person heard of the delightful case with which a person taking it goes to sleep and promptly conceive the idea that while life has ceased to be worth living there is no objection to leaving it in the pleasantest manner possible. Such people are easy. They wouldn't know morphine in bulk from quinine, and if they finally succeed in obtaining an envelope with a red label, bearing the word poison, and a skull and crossbones, they flatter themselves on having deceived the druggist and go away happy. After finding a good place, such as a comfortable bed, to die in they take their little dose of quinine, express disgust at its bitter taste go to sleep waiting for death to come and wake up in the morning glad to find that the poison was not powerful enough. One such lesson is sufficient.

up in the morning glad to find that the poisson was not powerful enough. One such lesson is sufficient.

"Once in a while we have a call for some other sort of poison. It was only a few weeks ago that an elderly gentleman came in and asked for a quantity of prussic acid. Now, we would never think of letting anything of that nature go over the counter except on a prescription, and, besides, there is scarcely ever any call for it otherwise. While I was talking with the old gentleman a younger man came in in a great hurry and asked what the older man wanted. As the younger man seemed to be an attendant of some sort, I told him. He was pretty well fightened when he heard, and went on to tell me that the old man was in queer mental condition. The two had been out walking, and while the younger man's attention had been diverted the old man had succeeded in eliding him and come into the store, where he had been found.
"One case I do remember when I really think it did prevent a succide. I remember it not only from the remember of the would be suicide. By

had been found.

"One case I do remember when I really think i did prevent a suicide. I remember it not only from the prominence of the would-be suicide, but from the fact that, unlike the ordinary run of people, in a similar mood, he was grateful for my interest displayed in his behalf. It was a matter of five or six years ago. The year of the Chicago Fair, in fact. It was rather a warm day, and I was half asleep when I heard some one enter the store. Looking up I saw a man between fifty and saxty years of age with a small grip in his hand. His hat was shoved back on his head, and his clothing, while of the best cut and quality, was greatly disarranced, looking as though it had been slept in. It only meeded one glance to convince me that he had been druking heavily.

"For God's sake, young man, he exclaimed as I started up, give me something to put an end to this. If only had the nerve I would have shot or drowned myself long ago. I'm disgraced, and dare not go home after this. It's the first time I've ever been in such shape, and it will be the last. Jipst got in with a crowd that was drashing heavily and you can see what came of it. All this time

ever been in such shape, and it will be the last. Jisst scot in with a crowd that was draftling heavily and you can see what came of it. All this time he was shaking like a man with an attack of the ague, and the first thing I did was to make him sit down. Then he went on to tell me who he was, Member of Congress from one of the Western States. After telling me his correct name he again asked for something to kill himself. After I got some bromide into him he lay down on a lounge in the back room and slept for a couple of hours. By the time he awoke he was feeling much better. I took him over to a Turkish bath establishment, and soon be was a different tooking man. He insisted that I stay with him until train time, and wanted me to accompany him home, holding out all sorts of inducements. When he boarded the train I spoke to the conductor, asking him to keep an eye on the old gentleman. I never really knew how he reached home, but about six months later I read in the papers that he had died suddenly, and it might have been a couple of months later that I received an announcement months later I read in the papers that he had died suddenly, and it might have been a couple of months later that I received an announcement from an attorney that I was one of the beneficiaries under the old man's will. The clause of the will in which I was named stated that the reason for the bequest was 'for his kind treatment and thoughtful care in a time of great need.

"Yes, that's your car turning the corner now. Good night."

MOTHER OF TWENTY-FIVE.

Mrs. Swartwood Married Twenty-seven Years Has Twenty Living Children.

From the Philadelphia Times, Mrs. Samuel Swartwood of Wilkesbarre, Pa. is the mother of the largest family in the United States. Although a comparatively young wo man, being only 41 years old, she is the mother f twenty-five children, twenty of whom are living. The youngest is only a few days old, and gives promise of being, like his brothers and sisters, hale and hearty.

To be the mother of twenty five children is no

mean achievement, and Mrs. Swartwood is prous of it. Her children are her greatest blessing and, singularly enough, they are all good, obe dient children, without the proverbial black sheet smong them. Mrs. Swartwood said: "My children are my joy. Though I have

always had a haby—she laughed modestlyand sometimes two to look after, they never seemed to be the trouble and worry some babies are. My last little one seems more cute and sweet than any of the others, but I suppose all hables seem interesting when they are just born.

Mrs. Swartwood is a remarkably well-pre served woman. She was married when very young, and her first baby was born fourteen

served woman. She was married when very young, and her first baby was born fourteen months after her matriage. There have been but five years since during which the household has failed to be blessed with a baby. These years were 1874, 1885, 1887, 1885 and 1896. But two of them were in succession, and in the succeeding years twins were born.

Of the entire twenty five children there were but the two sets of twins, which were born in 1889 and 1898. One of each set of twins is dead. Mrs. Swartwood can recite the hour and day each child was born.

"Walter was our first child," she said. "He was married a little over a year ago. He was born on June 25, 1872. Louis came next on Sept. 9, 1873. Then came Thaddeus, Jan. 5 1875; Mande, who is married to Charles Heslog and has one child, Jan. 12, 1876; Cora, March 15, 1877; Hanche, May 19, 1878; May, who is dead, on May 20, 1879; Herbert, Aug. 21, 1880; warren, March 14, 1881; Elsie, Apr. 12, 1882; Samuel, March 11, 1884; Daniel, Sept. 3, 1885; Ruth, Sept. 23, 1886; Alonzo and Gertrude, the first twins, Jan. 21, 1880; Gertrude is dead; Elmer, June 21, 1860; Caivin, July 31, 1891; Florence, Nov. 19, 1802; Esther and Benjamin, the second twins, on Dec. 31, 1893; Earl, March 20, 1885; Jesse, May 3, 1896; Edith, June 8, 1897; Lottie, Sept. 5, 1898, and our baby, which was born on Sept. 17 of this year."

Regarding her married life, Mrs. Swartwood talked freely. "I was married when 1 was a 14 years old. I loved Will when I was a girl and I would not change places with any rich lady."

Look at these children! Ain't they riches cough, and covery one living at home except.

with any rich lady.

"Look at these children! Ain't they riches enough, and every one living at home except the two girls that got married. It's nice for father and me to have them all here, although it does crowd us up a bit. We haven't got a big house, as you can see, and every bit of the space is used. Walk into the dining room there and look at the table."

Walk into the dining room there and look at the table."

It was a table to look at of generous width and very long. It bore plates and knives and forks for twenty two people. At intervals were great piles of bread.

"It keeps me and the girls pretty busy looking after the eating and washing for our big family," resumed Mrs. Swartwood when I came out of the dining room. "Father makes about 870 a month, and the boys bring in about 890 a month, and while we get along nicely, we have nothing to spare. We've given all the children as good schooling as they can get around here."

"What do you think of married life." I ventured to ask. to ask. "Well, I ought to know, I guess. Who was

"Well, I ought to know, I guess. Who was it said married life was one long, sweet dream? Grover Cleveland, wasn't it? Well, I agree with him. It has been to me. Every woman should get married. I think. I don't know much about hen new woman, but it she don't believe in married life. I don't want to know anything about her. What's as happy as having children to love you and you loving them?
"None of my children has been a source of grief, trouble or anyiety to me, and I think God has been especially kind to give me so many. Yes, sie, you can put me down as believing in the married woman who believes in having children."

Mr. Swartwood, who is an engineer on the Jersey Central Railroad, has been receiving the congratulations of his fellow workmen for several days upon his wife giving birth to the twenty-fifth child.

#### WINGS OF THE HONEY BEE. One of Nature's Wonderful Contrivances Seen Under the Microscope.

The New York Microscopical Society gave last week its twentieth annual exhibition at its rooms at 61 Madison avenue. There were about forty exhibits. John Asninwall, President of the society, exhibited, besides other things, the honey bee's wing showing the hooklets by means of which the lower of the two wings of the bee is joined to the upper wing in flying, thus making them practically a single wing. The upper of the two wings is about half an inch in length, the lower a little shorter. The wings come together where they are joined to the body; they are other wise separate. When the bee goes into its hive it folds its wings together, one leaf over the other, so that they will take up less room. When it goes abroad it spreads its wings and couples them

together with the books. When looked at under the microscope the upper edge of the lower wing is seen to be re-enforced as though it had an extra plate or ribs, stretched and I suppose that every druggist might pose as along there, and to this rib. spaced apart at regular theretails, though they are all contained along there, and to this rip, spaced apart at reg-ular intervals, though they are all contained within a total space of little more than a quarter of an inch, there are attached nineteen or twenty tiny, bony hooks. There is a little thickening at the base of each hook, where nature has strength-ened it, and one is inclined to regard the hooks as inset separately and to look for the rivets where-with they were secured to the plate or rib from which they spring.

inset separately and to look for the rivets where with they were secured to the plate or rib from which they spring.

The lower edge of the upper wing, as looked at under the microscope, is seen to be curled up into a flange or trough. When the bee comes out of the hive it hooks the hooks on the upper edge of the lower wing into that flange or trough at the lower edge of the upper wing, and so makes the two wings practically one.

William E. Damon exhibited the boring apparatus of the teredo (treedo margh's) commonly known as the ship worm, though it is really a mollusk. The specimen exhibited was about three sixteenths of an inch in diameter. The teredo's borer is of beny hardness and convex in form at the end. Upon this rounded face and covering it, and so small as to be quite invisible to the eye, though plainly enough seen under the microscope, there are set close tegether continuous rows of sharp, file like, double-edged teeth, twenty thousand or more of them within this small space. Back of the convex end of the borer, upon its sides, there are other file-like cutting surfaces that might serve to ream out and smooth the hole bored with the many toothed convex end. After seeing its boring apparatus as thus great destructiveness.

#### RATIFIERALT FAMINE IN ST. LOUIS. A Shortage of Cabbages Threatens the City's Most Popular Dish.

ST. LOUIS, Ma., Oct. 27,-A sauerkrautfamine s threatened in this city. What such a famine means is not understood by those who are not aware that sauerkraut is the great popular dish of St. Louis, and occupies the place taken by beans in Boston. It is estimated that more sauer kraut is consumed here than in Chicago, which kraut is consumed here than in Chicago, which has twice the population of this city. Missouri soil is said to be specially adapted to cabbage growing, and as there are many Germans in the city the consumption of sauerkraut follows naturally. The Germans have popularized sauerkraut among their American friends until a St. Louis house without sauerkraut as like home without a mother.

There were heavy frosts at the beginning of the season, which killed many plants, and consequently the cabbage crops was like.

state of things. Prices went up at a jump. Cab-inges sold by the ton a year ago at from \$6 to \$8 Now they bring \$15 to \$18 a ton by the carload and

Are hard to get at that.

Marketmen say that this means a bonanta for Southern truck gardeners, particularly those of Florida, who will begin planting cabbage next month. By the time it is ready for market, it is expected that the price will be enormous.

#### The Secret of Public Randshaking. From the Baltimore American.

Just before the thousands of eager people crowded around Admiral Dewey to begin shaking bands with him, President McKinley made a suggestion: "Don't let any man shake hands with you," he said. "You shake hands with him." Herein lies the secret of public handshaking. Any man who has ever stood by at a public function and has who has ever stook by at a phone thinction and has seen the thousands of strong men grip the hand of a public man and throw into their grasp all the enthusiasm and devotion that is in their hearts must have wondered if a human hand can survive the physical pressure.

Mr. McKinley has been in public life so many

Mr. McKinley has been in public life so many years that experience has taught him wisdom. As his visitors come to him. Mr. McKinley holds his right hand up toward him and takes the outstretched palm in his own, so that his hand holds the other's completely. There is a gentle pressure and a pleasant bow, and then the visitor feels himself gently—very gently—but firmly pushed along, and it is all over. The President's smile meanwhile is so warm, so honest, so sincere, that his visitor almost forgets his hand is in the President's. Any attempt to press the President's fingers is useless, because Mr. McKinley's strong fingers are eniwined about yours.

CAVE EXPLORATION.

Boys Who Lost and Found Themselves-The

First Among Cave Explorers. Two boys of Sullivan county, who undertook trip in Barnum's cave the other day, became lost in the maze of passage ways. The neighborhood turned out to search for them and there was some anxiety before the boys at last made their way unaided to the mouth of the cave, ten hours after they had entered it. They had discovered how easy it is to become lost in a cavern without a guide, and found one of the reasons why cave exploration has been a slow process.

At least seventy five years elapsed after the discovery of Mammoth Cave before a fair idea was gained of the extent and position of its passage ways. Within the past fifteen years a considerable number of new galleries and chambers have been added to the map. The guides at Luray and other caves are usually willing to follow the lead of some knowing tourist who imagines that he can retrace his steps to the entrance. Their experience is that, after a few turns of the path, the amateur guide is hopelessly bewildered and resigns his leadership. Every important cave has its stories of men who have lost their way in the intricate passages. Old Matt, one of the guides at Mammoth Cave, could never tell without a shudder of the time when his lamp went out and he found he had no matches. He determined to grope his way out, but suddenly his staff dropped into a pit of unknown depth and the old black guide swooned on the edge of the chasm. When he ame to, he began to grope on his hands and knees for the path and to feel for the side walls with his When he came to an intersecting path, he had to trust to his memory to guide him in the right direction, and most of the time he did not have to go far before he came to some familiar object, such as a seat or a peculiarly shaped stalagmite, that confirmed his judgment or showed him that he was on the wrong road.

The guides at Mammoth Cave usually stop at Wandering Willie's Spring long enough to narrate that it was named for a blind negro boy who "wanted to see the cave for himself." He nanaged to get into the cave all alone, of course lost his way, and when he was found he was quietly sleeping on the bank of the little spring that has ever since borne his name

more than any other man to improve methods of cave exploration takes the greatest precautions to avoid the possibility of losing his way during his pioneer expeditions in caves. He is a man of large means, pays all the expenses of his explorations himself and usually has from ten to fifteen assistants. He carries compasses to make surveys for his maps and lays down his routes on paper as he advances. He marks all the routes of ingress with white paint and corries hunting horns and whistles with which to signal to the men in his party. He also carries tinder to kindle fire and, if need be, take the place of

matches, which are ant to become damp. The instinct of animals sometimes leads them out of the depths of caves from which a man not knowing the route would hardly escape alive.

men for the burpasse of exporing the waits and discovering if there are passages below leading to other tiers of galleries. It is thorough methods of cave study are the reasons why Martel has advanced the knowledge of caves more than any other man. He says that mere chance has thrown in our way about all the knowledge that has been gained in caves, and he looks forward to more important results from patient and thorough study of them.

This explorer has now thoroughly studied about thirty French caves, Jesides extending his labors into subterranean Algeria and Greece. One result of his work has been to dispel the illusion of those who regarded the rivers here and there that seem to spring full grown to the light of day as originating only in large subterranean lakes. His researches have confirmed the view that these large rivers are usually formed by small rivulest filtering through the upper strata and meeting at last to make the large stream which somewhere finds an outlet on the surface. Most caves, as is well known, are excavated by the action of water, carrying carbonic acid gas, in dissolving limestone; but this cavity, which is about 150 feet in length is in solid basalt. It seems to be akin to the tubular caverns that have been found on the Hawaiian Islands in lava flows where the congealed surface of the flow stands as a roof while the liquid lava within has escaped.

Cave exploration is no child's play. Some men have special love and fitness for it and they alone are adequate to the work which requires the training of the man of science, the agility and strength of the gymnast and the heart that is undaunted by hardship and peril. Cave exploration is a passion with some men, just as mountain climbing is the greatest delight of the shining is undainted by hardship and peril. Cave explora-tion is a passion with some men, just as mountain climbing is the greatest delight of the shining hists of the Alpine clubs. But there are many more explorers who give their attention to moun-tains than have been attracted to this more recent phase of exploration known as grottology.

### STREET CHANGES IN NEW YORK. Things Noticed by Citizens Who Return Here After a Loug Absence.

Some changes which have occurred on New

York streets within the past twenty-five years. and which, though scareely observable by a resi dent of New York, impress most forcibly a returned citizen, are these: The absence of telegraph poles on the chief thoroughfares; the abandonment of coal boxes in front of grocery stores; the raising of the pavements to a nearer level with the sidewalks; the scarcity, especially in the territory south of Fifty ninth street, of fences inclosing unoccupied land; the total abandonment of the use of pumps; the virtual disregard of water troughs on the chief atreets for the accommodation of truckmen and drivers; the substitution of asphait for granite pavements, the general abandoment of the use of wooden pavements; the disappearance of sheds and wooden awaings extending from the houseline to the curb time and supported by wooden posts; the general absence on all downtown streets of trees, especially the New York favorite the allantus; the increasing number of uniforms worn by men generally, including pesturen, firemen, expressmen, district messengers, deliverymen, municipal officials, guides and automobile men, the disappearance of sample rooms in the rear of fruit stores; the increased height of buildings; the smaller number of basements having a direct entrance from the street, the abandomment of rear buildings reached by an alleyway, the reduction in the number of stables, the disappearance from the streets at high time on holidays of trucks and carts, the lighting of the water from the vectorially; the crowded corners at points where transfer tickets are given by the surface car lines, the disappearance of street bands, furnishing music to the inhabitants in the more thicking populated parts of town, especially on the East Side, the amaller number of conspicuously displayed clocks supported by metal posts on the chief thorough fares; the abandomment of the old lampposts for those of more modern design and more symmetrical construction; the enlarged number of street venders supplied with vehicles for their wares and merchandise; the disappearance of chimney sweeps; the reduced number of fish peddlers, the reduced number of parades by organizations not political, the reduced use of coaches or landaus for pleasure travel and the general absence of crowds.

These changes do not, perhaps, impress a resident New Yorker quite so forcibly as they do some individual who has been absent from the city for a time, but they are none the ioss important on that account. ommodation of truckmen and drivers; the substitution of asphait for granite pavements; the general abandonment of the use of wooden pave-

# LESS DRINKING AT YALE.

DECREASE OF DISSIPATION SEEN AMONG THE STUDENTS.

The Change Particularly Noticeable at the Inauguration of President Hadley-The Improvement Attributed to the El-forts of Both Students and Faculty.

New Haven, Oct. 28.-When Mrs. Potent, the wife of a New Haven minister, rose in meeting a few years ago and declated that she "would rather have a son of hers go to hell than to Yale College," she based her opinion chiefly on her belief regarding drinking at Yale. Yale men first laughed at her and then, when they found that some folks took her seriously, replied to her utterances with great wrath and vigor. They were compelled to admit that many Yale undergraduates were not total abstainers and that a lew were not strangers to intoxication. But they did deny that dissipation was the distinguishing characteristic of Yale life. It was established that the habitually dissipated member of the college community was regarded by his fellows very much as the habitually dissipated member of any community is regarded by those about

him-as a nuisance. Whether it was a result of Mrs. Potcat's words or a merely natural progression of the spirit of the college, discipation has decreased noticeably at Yale since she made her speech. A most conspicuous demonstration of this state of affairs was the undergraduate celebration of President Hadley's insuguration last Wednesday night. The entire undergraduate membership of the university marched through the streets with redfire torches and bands and danced around bonfires for five hours and more. It is the unanimous comment of those who have watched Yale under-graduate demonstrations for years that there was never one lefore so free from evidences of alcoholic or malt stimulation.

It has always been true that at such times of general jollification the men who never drink a drop in their lives do more "fool stunts" and make more noise than the men who prepare and fortifiy themselves at the most convenient drinking places. The unspoken theory used to be that the artificially inspired individuals made the pace, so to speak, and the rest outstripped them. There was not a single instance of drank-enness in the procession from the first to the last. This is frankly remarked upon as an unprece-dented record for a body of 3,000 young men bent on bilarity and noise matther. It was part of

This is frankly remarked upon as an unprecedented record for a holy of 3,000 young men bent on hilarity and noise making. It was part of the understanding between the student holy and the codege authorities that the boxs might do anything they pleased short of injuring property if everyloady would keep away or be kept away from the salcons. Such an understanding would have been sighed over by the faculty ten years ago. It would have been grinned at by the students. But it is apparent that times have changed. There are some who will be inclined to say that the exemplary abstinence was the result of a heroic effort made for show purposes. The spectacle of Gus. Tracege's corgeous place on Chapel street, half a block from the quadrangle, closed, its windows covered with colwests and its front steps an inch deep in leaves, gives little comfort to such explanations of the phenomenon. Tive years ago it was the most prominent of the places for undergraduate bilarity in New Haven. Of course, there are still Yale men who are not total abstainers and a great many of them. There are many places loft for them, though Traceger's is gone. But the proprietors of the drinking places all complain that the undergraduate thirst is less and less a source of profit. "Keg parties" that used to come shouting and singing long after midnight, up through the quadrangle, shout and sing no more. The man who drinks feels be has everything to less and nothing to may, it affects unfavorably his chance of election to a society.

What has been the influence that has made

The instinct of animals sometimes leads them out of the depths of cares from which a man not knowing the route would hardly escape alive. An illustration of this fact is the story Dr. Hovey and would boddy folion the the capitar to the remove the content of the places of the places for undertardunte hillurity in New John and Wall boddy folion the exploration that party returned to the hotel. The acxt morning the down was found sitting by the lamp, patiently waiting over the river than he ran away axain, and was missing for two days, and then appeared on top of earth once more. In the darkness of perpetual midnight he had floundered through mud banks, swam rivers and threaded intricate passages. He was guided by his mysterious gift of orientation that which plots homely believed that took him to the only outlet is probably similar to that which plots homing pigeons on their voy ages through the air.

It is not commonly known that for many years after the discovery of Mammoth (ave the entire of errors of malery and the cave. Sometimes they would come to an obstacle that barred the passages ways. Thus it happened that for years nothing was known of that large part of the cave laying beyond the alyes and many miles of passageways. Thus it happened that for years nothing was known of that large part of the cave laying beyond the abyes named the Hottoniess Pit. This obstruction was known for over treative was before it was crossed. Then cond and the adversal many miles of passageways. Thus it happened that for years nothing was known of that large part of the cave laying beyond the abyes named the Hottoniess Pit. This obstruction was known for over retwelf of the many miles of passages beyond the abyes named the Hottoniess Pit. This obstruction was known for over retwelf of the many will be added to the place the trunk of a small tree, and on this rather dangerous bridge Stephen crawled across the abyes. Then beyon the explorations that revealed our of the most wonderful and explain the part of the cave laying beyond

## a man to believe that he is drinks ten glasses of beet. BURRIED RAILROAD RUILDING.

The Seaboard Air Line and the Southern Filling Gaps in Their fines.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Oct. 27.- Building rathroads at night by means of calcium and electric lights is a novelty which the Scaboard Air Line and the Southern Railway have introduced here The mirchase of the Florida Central and Peninsular road, 140 miles long, and running from a point three miles west of Columbia to Savannah by the Senboard, leaves the Southern without connection with its lines extending from Savannah to the South. The Southern's lense of the Florida Central and Peninsular will expire Jan. 1. The Southern has mirchased the Western Carolina, running from Perry's theirty miles west of Columbia, to Yemassee, and has made arrangements with the Plant System to use its tracks from Yemassee to Savannah until it can build to that city. It is therefore necessary for the Southern to complete thirty miles of road before Jan. 1.

A gap of eighty-five miles including a bridge over the Congaree Hiver at Columbia, is in the route of the Seaboard from the north to Savannah and Florida. This line is being built from Cheraw. S. C., through Columbia, and three miles south to connect with the Florida Central and Peninsular. The Seaboard can make no use of the new possessions south of Columbia until this link is built.

The utmost energy is being displayed by both roads. Work all along the line is being pushed day and night. The great Florida and West The mirchase of the Florida Central and Penin-

The utmost energy is being displayed by both roads. Work all along the line is being pushed day and night. The great Florida and West Indian traffic is the prize being worked for, and wherever there is room on the line for a negro or a mule, day and night, that place is occupied, it is probably one of the hardest drives in railroad building ever witnessed in this country.

## How the Doctor Got His Cleck.

How the Doctor Got His Cleek.

From the Philodelphia Record.

In the hallway of a Philodelphia doctor's house stands a fine example of a grandfather's clock, the possession of which the medical man owes entirely to a pinch of smill. Some years age the doctor in question set his heart upon such a timepiece, and devoted two of his vaccilons to clock lunding. He visited many New England farm houses without success, as old furniture has been pretty well gathered up by the dealers down East, and then carried his quest into Delaware and Maryland, where he found many old clocks hui none of them for sale.

He was about to return home disconsolate, when he was called into consultation over a patient dying of quinsy. The resources of medicine had been exhausted, when the Quaker City doctor bethought himself of an old small box he had picked up during his warderings in which still linguard a medicine of sufficient as of successive with this powdered tobarve the doctor assaled the matrix of the sket man who sneeding violently, broke the abscess in its throat that was clocking him to death. Stimulants were administered and the sket man recovered.

The Philodelphia doctor left the place the morning after this remerkable operation, but he had not been home a week before the grateful Marylander sent him a grandfather's clock, accountered the destroach in the work was relied by a card upon which was stiten. This had over four a west first the gradual leader sent him a grandfather's clock, as nied by a card upon which was written clock, which struck the hour of my birm, have also marked the hour of my death skill and knowledge had not singled the thedestroyer. en: Til

## Coined in Philadelphia 2,000 Years Ago.

Coined in Philadelphia 2,000 Years Ago.

From the Philadelphia Record.

One of the prized curves of the Philadelphia Mint is a coin which is 2,000 years old, and which was coined at the ancient mint of that other Philadelphia of the Far East mentioned in the Biblio It is still in good condition, and the inscription is perfectly legibla. The design on the face of the coin bears a striking resemblance to the Goddess of Liberty of our own currency, and underneath is the one word, "Demos," which means "the people." On the other side is the flyure of Diana, with her bow arched, and the inscription. Thiana, Friend of the Philadelphians. When this coin was struck off Philadelphia was the most important city of Lydia. The prize was picked up in Europe by Joseph Mickley, a osleptated Philadelphia violin-maker and numeration of high repute, who presented it to the matist of high repute, who presented it to